Met His Match.

One of the very few occasions on which Rufus Choate, the famous American lawyer and statesman, met his match was when he was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship "Challenge." Choate bad cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a repid-fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir." "Did you see it?"

"No, sir." "Then how did you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?"

"Ah, you are joking." "No, sir, I'm in mrnest, and I desire an answer." "That's more than I can give."

"Indeed. You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question!" "Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator."

Flogging in English Prisons. Flogging is still allowed in English prisons as a punishment for mutiny or violence, but recently published statistics make it doubtful whether even in these extreme cases corporal punishment serves the purpose for which it is intended. It is shown that since the number of prison offenses for which flogging was allowed was reduced in 1898, the number of offenses against prison discipline has decreased from 147 to 131 per 1,000 prisoners, while there has been an increase in the number of those offenses for which the "cat" is still the penalty.

"Clinging" Recollections. "I'll slap that reporter," growled old Weston Nurox over the morning pa-

"Why, popper," replied his daughter, who had her coming-out reception the night before. "I thought he wrote me up real nice."

"But he spake of ye as wearin' some soft clingin' material, an' that reminds me too much o' the time I was tarred and feathered out in Montanny."---Kansas City Post.

First Hint of the Truth. "When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him money after we were married."-Los Angeles, Cal., News.

### INTERESTING CONTEST.

Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage. One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of gold and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts.

The contest was started in February, 1906, and it was arranged to have the prizes awarded on April 30, 1906.

When the public announcement appeared many persons began to form the words from these letters, sometimes the whole family being occupied evenings, a combination of amusement and education.

After a while the lists began to come in to the Postum Office and before long the volume grew until it required wagons to carry the mail. Many of the contestants were thoughtless enough to send their lists with insufficient an event "would be perfectly lovely." postage and for a period It cost the Company from twenty-five to fiftyeight and sixty dollars a day to pay know himself. the unpaid postage.

Young ladies, generally those who had graduated from the high school, were employed to examine these lists and count the correct words, Webster's Dictionary was the standard and each list was very carefully corrected except those which fell below 8,000, for it soon became clear that nothing below that could win. Some of the lists required the work of a young lady for a solid week on each individual list. The work was done very carefully and accurately, but the Company had no idea, at the time the offer was made, that the people would respond so generally and they were compelled to fill every available space in the offices notwithstanding they worked steadily, it was impossible to complete the exmonths after the prizes should have

been awarded. This delay caused a great many inquiries and naturally created some dissatisfaction. It has been thought best to make this report in practically all of the newspapers in the United States and many of the magazines in order to make clear to the people the condi-

tions of the contest. Many lists contained enormous numbers of words which, under the rules, had to be eliminated "Pegger" would count "Peggers" would not. Some lists contained over 50,000 words, the great majority of which were cut out. The largest lists were checked over two and in some cases three times to insure accuracy.

The \$100.00 gold prize was won by L. D. Reese, 1227 15th St., Denver, Colo., with 9941 correct words. The highest \$10.00 gold prize went to S. K. Fraser, Lincoln, Pa., with 9921 correct words.

A complete list of the 231 winners with their home addresses will be sent to any contestant enquiring on a postal

Be sure and give name and address

clearly.

This contest has cost the Co. many thousand dollars, and probably has not been a profitable advertisement, nevertheless perhaps some who had never before tried Grape-Nuts food have been interested in the contest, and from trial of the food have been shown Its wonderful rebuilding powers.

It teaches in a practical manner that scientifically gathered food elements can be selected from the field grains, which nature will use for rebuilding the nerve centers and brain in a way that is unmistakable to users of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a renson." Postum Cereal Co., Lid., Battle Creek, Mich WHEN MY BOY COMES WHISTLING HOME.

When the night is dark, and the cold winds blow And the starless sky hangs dull and gray, Then a light gleams out with a ruddy glow, The shadows pass, and the gloom gives way, When my boy comes whistling home.

High the sound, and clear as a blackbird's note. Mellow and round as a robin's trill, As sweet as the tune from a skylark's throat, Cleaving its way through the silence chill As my boy comes whistling home.

Or "rag-time" or sonnet, ballad or psalm, It matters not what the theme may be, Reeking with mischief, or solemn and calm, It carries its message straight to me, When my boy comes whistling home.

Tis a sign unfailing. With conscience free And an unstained soul he fares along, For guilt would smother the rollicking glee, Deception wither the happy song. But my boy comes whistling home.

Oh, never was music that could compare (No sound of chant in cathedral old, Nor thunder of organ, nor choly rare)

To his mother comes whistling home.

## Angelege programme and the pro A MINE EPISODE 50

With this, as my boy, with his heart of gold,

LL John Carstairs' money was ! LL John Carstairs' money was made from mines, and was still coming out of mines in a golden coming out of mines in a golden stream. From "Old John's" point of view this was a very pleasant fact, indeed. Mrs. Carstairs was enabled to shine in all the brilliance of New York

seasons and Newport indolence.

But Frances, embellished with all that Parisian costumes and the skill of French maids could possibly add to the beauty of her graceful figure, and the witchers of her wavy brown hair and deep brown eyes, had grave doubts as to the unalloyed desirability of this wealth. For there was Dick to be considered.

Dick was not rich; not exactly poor, but certainly not rich. And when one is wealthy and beautiful and 21, and when one's mother thinks it is time to consider one's marriage, and so many youths with all the necessary bank notes and bonds have expressed their adoration and been refused; and all this with the result that one's mother is becoming impatient, while Dick is the only one that will suit but is not rich; naturally the problem assumes se-

rious proportions.
Of course, Dick was also a doubter. To keep himself at all cheerful he had day dreams of becoming suddenly wealthy and boldly demanding Frances hand from "Old John." Frances, from a comfortable and becoming position on



"I'M OFF ON THE LAST TRAIL."

Dick's shoulder, would agree that such "But how are you going to make it happen, Dick, dear?'

Now that was just what Dick didn't Then came a time when Mrs. Carstairs' coming softly into Frances' room at night introduced another factor into

an already perplexing problem. "Frances, dear, it is time you were thinking of marrying and having a

home of your own." "I suppose so, mother." "Now, of course, Frances, I can opice

understand all this foolishness and sentiment about Dick Leigh. It is all very well for a young girl just out of school, but when a girl comes to your age. Frances, she must look at things sensibly.

Mrs. Carstairs continued: "I will admit Dick is a very fine young man. acd I have no doubt would make a with these young lady examiners, and model husband. But my dear, he has so money and is never likely to have. You must forget all about this boy-andamination until Sept. 29, over six girl affair. Several young men of admirable character and with the necessary means to make you happy have spoken to your father, and we expect you to make a choice before long." "Yes, mother," almost inaudibly

from the cushions. The new developments in the case having been tearfully reported to Dick. that young man was more perplexed than ever, but could offer no advice except to wait for a while. The "waiting" lasted for nearly three months, until Mrs. Carstairs announced to Frances that her hand had been promised to Mr. Wyndham, whose money

was also obtained from mines. "My dear, it is now March, and since Mr. Wyndham as well as your father and I would like you to be married quietly at your country house I have

fixed the date for September." After a short pause she continued:

"Now, Frances, I have given Dick Leigh to understand that you are engaged to Mr. Wyndham and are to be married in September, and he has, I be-Heve, left the city for the west this morning. I expect, Frances, to hear nothing more about this old love affair.

If I do you will regret it." She swept out with the full conscousness and pride of victory. But as she departed Frances' maid now came with a letter from Dick. Shorn of endearing epithets and caressing phrases, the letter said that he was off to the west. the land of mines, and was determined that "a mine will soon be mine, and then you shall be mine again. Always painfully, gazed at Dick.

and forever thine. Dick." those portions of the letter which we stakes, y' see. Y've been a good pai,

Such implicit confidence in Dick was flattering, but it was doubtful if such faith in his abilities reposed in his own mind, Equipped with prospector's pack and guide, he arrived at the little hotel near the Carstairs mine. He decided to explore the country five miles to the north of "Old John's" mine, and so informed a miner who had struck

"Prospect them there hills to the north. Why, by the six-shooter of Moses, yer crazy, pardner." "Why?" demanded the crestfallen

Diek. "There ain't no gold rocks there, naw, not even good buildin' stone. A man's plumb leery-eyed foolish to prospect them hills. Better strike a job

workin' in the mines for Old John Carstairs. Yer a chunky looking specimen, pard, and \$3 a day's good pay. Come in," with a perk of his dirty thumb over his shoulder. "Come in, pardner, the drink'll be on me." It was not long before Dick discovered that he couldn't tell gold ore from a macadam roadway, and decided to

take the advice of his hospitable friend with the thirst. Working in the mines, he would learn enough about ores to continue his prospecting trip. Therefore, it came about that Dick Leigh, some time suitor for the hand of Frances, was wielding the pick in her father's mine. Dick spent all his idle time wander-

ing about the property adjacent to the Carstairs mine, and discovered one day that it had been staked out as a claim. Bill, the friendly miner with the thirst, hastened to reassure him. "Don't you worry, pardner, you ain't

there claim, for I've broken more'n one hammer tinkerin' round them rocks, and by the broncho of 'Bimelich, there no gold on the top of that claim. Naw, nor for a long trail down into the ground neither. But, pardner, yer a good friend of mine, I like yer ways, d'ye see, and I'll tell yer what'll be between yerself and me. 'Old John's' mine," lowering his voice cautiously, "is likely to have a vein run down underneath that there new claim."

"Well, then," said Dick, "we are too late."

"Naw, nary a bit. "Tain't likely anything will happen for three or four months yet, and they'll get enough of that claim 'fore then."

This conversation occurred in late April, when men were boring in the der, was talking over old times. new claim. There was excitement in the camp, however, when it was rumored that some paying ore had been struck. It was later announced that Wyndham, the mine owner, was talking of buying the property as soon as an official assay of the ore had been

These were bitter days for poor Dick. Old Bill would reassure him in his hours of despondency. "That there ore won't assay worth a floor-scrubber's cuss yer'll see."

Even Bill was nonplused by the later news, that the ore had assayed remarkably rich and that there was a rush to buy. "I don't see how it happened. That there assayer must be gone luny. I saw some of that ore myself and it ain't worth a quid of chewed baccy."

CHAPTER II. The great event of the mining season was the collapse of the Wyndham Mining Company. The mine had not proved as rich as the assay had shown. In fact, as old Bill had said, "it warn't worth much more'n good buildin' stone." The bankruptcy of Wyndham provided good "copy" for the New York and Chicago "yellows," which irregularly reached the camp. Dick read to Bill with great inward satisfaction the news that the engagement of Miss Carstairs and Mr. Wyndham had been broken off by Mrs. Carstairs, on account of Wyndham's disastrous fall-

There came a day when Bill no longer went to the mine, but tossed about in the delirium of fever. The young doctor told Dick that "it was just Irink. Constitution wrecked by liquor.

He won't last very long," Dick nursed him as carefully as he could. One bot night Dick was sitting by the hedside of old Bill, who was lying in a stupor. He was reading a letter from Frances, which had been surreptitionaly written and dispatched. Suddenly Bill wake up and turning

"Dick, old pardner, I'm off on the Frances spent an hour in reading last trail. It's time for me to pull have omitted, and then plunged into the Dick, all right and I'm sorry to leave delights of shopping with her mother, yer. But 'fore I go, I'll tell yer to for Dick would find his mine and she watch the north end of the mine. And might as well prepare for the wedding in the old box, yer'll find a packet now, and while her mother shopped 'dressed to the old mother in Wiscon with Mr. Wyndham in mind, she could sin." He paused for breath as Dick supported his head and wet his lips railroad man has a mighty easy time

with the medicine, "I'll surely send it on to her," said Dick,

"Thanks, pardner, yer were always a good pal. So long-pard-watch the north end. The vein may run-" The rest of the sentence was lost in a mutter as old Bill crossed the great

divide. Bill's mate in the mine all attended the simple funeral and erected a rough

cross at the head of the grave. The days passed into weeks and Dick worked on in the Carstirs mine. The machinery on the Wyndham property still lay idle, a monument to hasty judgment. The whole story of the failure was now known. The original owners of the claim had followed the assayer's clerk who was carrying samples of ore to the assay office. Finding him asleep, with the ore in a leathern bag under his pillow, they forced the sharpened point of a syringe through the leather and sprayed the samples of ore with chloride of gold.

Toward the end of August Dick was working in the north of the Carstairs mine. He was feeling particularly despondent, and was considering leaving the mine, drawing the few thousand he had left in the bank at Chicago and again going back to the humdrum of a Wall street clerkship. He was wielding his pick almost automatically, scarcely heeding where he struck.

A new deep vein of gold ore had been laid bare for some minutes before he was aware of the fact. Then he dropped his pick and groping on hands and knees he carefully examined the vein. A few more strokes of his pick and he had grasped the situation.

Carefully covering up the vein again he worked hard for a few minutes breaking up worthless rock with his pick and carrying it over to the new vein. Piling rock painstakingly upon it he worked away till the bell rang for the end of the eight-hour shift. The cage seemed to Dick to be crawling up up an easy western acquaintance with to the top, and when it had deposited its'load on the surface he hurried to his tent. Dressing himself in the raiment of former days he hired a "buckboard" and drove off to the town.

"Reckon young Dick must be going to see a gal over to Charville," remarked an astonished spectator.

"Naw, he don't go anything on gals," commented Si, the saloonkeeper. "He's more likely goin' over after some books or magerzeens. He's a queer cuss, is Dick."

Dick further astonished the mining community by quitting work at the mine.

"Allers thought yer'd quit," sententiously remarked Si, "yer ain't the pick and shovel sort. But it's been good experience for yer. Better come into the s'loon, I need a new hand and yer'd be husky enough to keep the boys straight."

Dick reported that he needed a rest and change and was going away in a few days.

But it was many days before be left. For the next day the management of the Carstairs mine discovered that their latest and richest vein ran straight through into the abandoned Wyndham property. "Old John" made haste to buy, but was informed that the deeds of the land were in the possession of one Richard Leigh of New lost nothin'. I knows all about that York, who had bought the abandoned machinery a few days previously for some thousand dollars and had had the

deeds of the property thrown in. "Old John" was wise and as yet scarcely any one had been allowed to hear of the new vein. His agents approached Dick and offered him an extra thousand for the machinery and land. Dick dismissed them with the glish country and my Welsh home." information that he would speak to Old John himself. That elderly mine owner was much surprised that Dick had inside information as to the vein and that Dick was further prepared to begin mining operations himself.

It was about a month after the new mining firm of Carstairs, Leigh & Co. had been incorporated that Frances, from her old position on Dick's shoul-

"And I said you would find the mine didn't I. Dick, dear?"

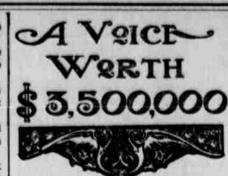
"Of course you did, Frances," answered the man of mines, "mine at last by a mine."-Canadian Graphic.

# TEA DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

ups Were Small When Contents of Twenty-five Were Drunk Daily. That Great Britain stands at the

head of all the kingdoms of the earth in its consumption of tea, its record standing at about six pounds a head per annum, should surprise none who has noted for himself the tea drinking prowess of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. English, Scotch, Irish and Weish-they all seem so indissolubly wedded to their cup of tea that it requires a painful stretch of the imagination to picture a time when they were tealess. Yet statistics show that it is only within the last 250 years or so that Englishmen have been tea drinkers-that is to say, only a matter of some eight generations since the fragrant beverage was first known to them. Before that ale was the popular drink. The tea drinking habit, it is interesting to note, brought in its train a long list of innovations-the teacup, for instance, seems to have been much smaller than that of to-day. Otherwise the feats of the famous tea bibbers of literature-Bishop Burnet, with his twenty-live cups in a morning, and the monumental Dr. Johnson, who said of himself that he was "a hardened and shameless tea drinker,' whose kettle "had hardly time to cool, would have been impossible. It seems to have been a common custom in the early part of the eighteenth century to drink tea three or four times a day and ten or twelve cups at a sitting, a practice which would have been ac companied by an inconvenient degree of personal tension if the cams and been as large as they are now, The infusion, too, was much weaker than is palatable to modern taste. Teaspoons had to be invented as well as teacups, and were at first made with perforated bowls and long, pointed stems, and at one time cups were non bered, to insure each member of a ter drinking party getting back his own cup each time the ten was renewed --New York Tribune.

Every railroad man cays every other



When announcement is made that Patti, whom her admirers acclaim as "the Diva of the world," is about to retire, to take her farewell of the concert room, it is instantly met with an incredulous smile. There is an inclination also to illustrate the smile by re telling the fable of the boy and the wolf. But this time, assurance comes from England, the great soprano really intends to retire from public life. Thousands of persons in both hemispheres have heard the Diva sing, and they have paid millions of dollars for the privilege. A rough and perhaps inadequate estimate of Patti's earnings during the last half century credits her with having realized about \$3,500,000. In this connection it is significant to

ficult for even his lively imagination to conceive of a singer actually acquiring by her voice so great a sum as \$3,500,-000. He would have felt it an exaggeration so obvious as to be impossible, even to a fictionist,

Patti made her first regular appearance on the stage as Lucia in Donizetti's opera, in New York, on Nov. 24, 1858. She was then only 16 years old. Her voice at that time was described as a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great skill and taste. Her capabilities were at once recognized, and the great future promised her by ber critics has been amply fulfilled.

King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, always one of her most devoted admirers, first heard her sing in the Academy of Music in this city, in the fall of 1860. The opera was "Martha" and the young Prince was charmed. The next year she went to England and made her London debut as Amina in "La Somnambula," at Covent Garden Theater. After that metropolitan appearance the young soprano's fame was assured. The next morning all Europe rang with praises for the new prima donna from America. For the next twenty years she remained abroad, singing in England. France and Russia.

While abroad Patti made her first matrimonial venture. In 1868 she was note that the soprano has not been married to the Marquis de Caux, but heard in public every year, and in the continued her operatic career. She took



As they appeared at the time of their marriage in 1898,

United States not at all during one stretch of two decades.

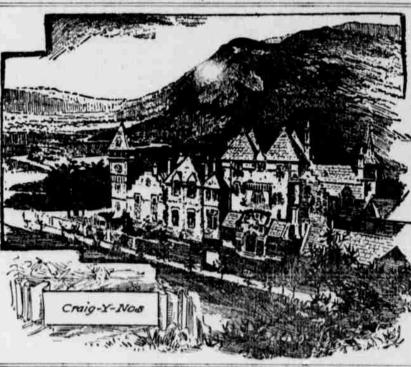
Adelina Patti is so truly a remarkable woman and artist that she actu- mond necklace. She purchased her ally rises superior to criticism. She is, in fact, a personage. There may have been greater sopranos in the last fifty years-indeed capable critics have in 1885 and the following year married said so-but the names of these great ones are known principally to the elect, while Patti remains "the queen of song." Singing at prices which would in January, 1898, and in January, 1899, impoverish an Indian prince, Patti be Madame Patti made her third venture came a popular idol. Those who paid the money to hear her always insisted it was worth the money; those who could not afford to do so took their re- uralized Englishman and whose years venge in saying smart things about the Diva, even unfavorably criticising her.

rays been an Italian. She speaks with parents, her half-brothers and her sis- side. ters, to New York while she was still a very little girl. Even then she had a remarkable voice. It was about this ly used by time. One reason for the

St Petersburg by storm, and the Russians took up a subscription of 100 rubles and presented her with a diamagnificent estate in Wales, Craig-y-Nos, in 1878, after she separated from the Marquis. She obtained a divorce Ernest Nicolini, the tenor singer whose very pleasant voice was much marred by an insistent tremolo. Nicolini died in matrimony, this time being united to the Baron Cederstrom, a young Swedish nobleman who had become a natat that time were exactly half those of his bride.

Although she was born in Madrid | Patti's castle at Craig-y-Nos is one and raised in New York, Patti has al- of the show places in Wales. The house equal facility Italian, French, Spanish, ence to expense. A private theater is German, Russian and English—no one of the interesting apartments in small accomplishment in itself. The the castle, and there the great soprano Italian tongue is her favorite. Once in has been heard sing even comic songs describing her cosmopolitan sympa- for the entertainment of her guests. thies she remarked, "I love the Italian To see Patti at home is to see the genlanguage, the American people, the En- erous side of her character; to see her demanding \$5,000 for a public appear-Born in 1843, Patti came, with her lance is to see her undoubted business Takes Care of Voice.

The great diva's voice has been kind-



time Richard Grant White first saw her. He described her as "a slender, swarthy, bright-eyed little girl in short skirts, who ran into the room and chirped at her mother, and ran out of it caroling as she went through the is placed upon her vocal cords. She is passageway." He asked her mother, Madame Barill-Patti, if the little girl promised to be a singer like her sisters, and for answer the child, sitting careful to avoid indigestion, which, she on the knee of the critic, sang a little Italian air with a naivete and charm singing voices. which left an impression he never forgot. She was only 7 years old when, in 1850, she appeared before the public for the first time.

Received \$5,000 a Night.

After Patti returned, in 1882, from her European triumphs, owing to the competition of Henry Abbey, the Amera sum proviously unheard of in the o'clock of the day she was to sing.

story of Patti's career is complete with confined in bags. out reference to the financial side. Her story is one Balzac would have delight-

long is her lifelong habit-not to sing when she is tired. Consequently, as she has aptly put it, she is never tired when she sings, and no abnormal strain no believer in diet, but never eats or drinks any food that is either too hot or too cold, and she has always been claims, has prematurely ruined many

fact that it has remained with her so

#### A Capful of Wind. The origin of the phrase, "A capful

of wind," can be traced to a Norse king, Eric VI., who died in 907 A. D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow where he wished by the simple method of turntean impresario, Mapleson was obliged ing his cap to that point of the comto raise her salary from \$1,000 a night pass. His powers were much apprecito \$4,000, and finally to \$5,000 a night, ared and trusted and resulted in his being known as "windy cap." There b annals of opera. It was also agreed go evidence as to whether he could reg that the diva should be paid at 2 ulate the force of the wind as well as the direction. Presumably he could, or During the last twenty-five years his faithful believers would not have Patti has never sung in public for less been so many, A "bagful of wind" is than \$5,000 a night, paid in advance, another common expression and indi-One matinee concern in Boston netted cates something like a gale. This has her \$8,395, and her share for three per- been trac d down to the classical legformances in one week was \$20,895. No end of Acolus and his captive winds

No trouble to raise boys; but girls ed to have written, because it deals must have their hair combed and wear so rgely with vast sums of money, white dresses. And white dresses don't But in his day it would have been dif- do a thing to the washing.

# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The Relief of Lucknow. O that last day of Lucknow fort! We know that it was the last: That the enemy's lines crept surely on, And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death; And the men and we all worked on; It was one day more of smoke and roar, And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife, A fair, young, gentle thing, Wasted with fever in the siege. And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,

And I took her head on my knee; "When my father comes hame frae the plough," she said, "Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor, In the flecking of woodbine shade, When the house dog sprawls by the open And the mother's wheel is stayed

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench, And hopeless waiting for death; And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired

Seemed scare to draw her breath. I sank to sleep; and I had my dream Of an English village lane,

And wall and garden-but one wild Brought me back to the roar again, There Jessie Brown stood listening

All over her face; and she caught my And drew me near as she spoke :-

Till a sudden gladness broke

The Hielanders! O, dinna ye hear The slogan far awa? The McGregor's-O, I ken it weel; It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders! We're saved! we're saved!" she cried; And fell on her knees; and thanks to God Flowed forth like a full flood-tide. Along the battery line her cry

Had fallen among the men, And they started back—they were there But was life so near them, then? They listened for life; the rattling fire Far off, and the far-off roar, Were all; and the colonel shook his head

And they turned to their guns once

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done; But winna ye hear it noo, The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream :

Our succors hae broken through!" We heard the roar and the rattle afar, But the pipes we could not hear; So the men plied their work of hopeless

And knew that the end was near. It was not long ere it made its way-It was no noise from the strife afar, Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders! And now they played Auld Lang Syne; It came to our men like the voice of God, And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands. And the women sobbed in a crowd; And every one knelt down where he stood, And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcome Our men put Jessie first, And the general gave her his hand, and Like a storm from the soldiers burst,

And the piper's ribbons and tartar streamed, Marching round and round our line; And our joyful cheers were broken with

As the pipes played Auld Lang Syne.

-Robert Traill Spence Lowell. PICKPOCKETS OF LONDON.

This Is Declared to Be a Misnomer-Cutpurse the Word. The special notice, printed in unusually large letters, which now warns people in some of the tube lifts to beware of pickpockets suggests that it is time to revive the term "cutpurse," which would be much more appropriate to these days of hanging bags and no pockets, says the London Chronicle. In the sixteenth century our vocabulary was far richer than It is sow in terms of this kind, especially the thieves' own vocabulary. With them a "hoyster" was a pickpocket, and a "nupper" was a plekpurse or a entpurse. To "syft" was to rob a shop or a house; and to "shave," according to an old account of these matters, was to "take a cloak, a sword, a silver spoon, or such like that is negligently looked unto." Most of these words were once to be found at Smart's Quay in a legend written over a house of pickpockets-an original Fagin's den:

"Si spie sporte, si non spie, tune "Si spie, si non spie, hyste, nyppe,

lyfte, shave and spare not." With the history of the highway robbery of centuries behind us, we should not feel surprised at the passive attitude of the robbed toward the robber in the recent California outrage, Who has ever heard or wished to hear of the traveler who showed so little sense of romance as to resist the charming demands of a Robin Hood, a Claude Duval, or a Dick Turpin? To follow precedent, we should at once write a ballad about the California masked villain and hand him down to posterity as the last flash of chivalry in a prosale age. The principal cause of such adulation has always been the personality of the man himself, full of that mixture of humor, daring, courtesy and respect for women that turned him from a common thief into a "gentleman"

of the road," Mules are abused a great deal, but farmers say young mules are easier broken than young horses.